

Contributed

THE CONVERSION OF A DISTINGUISHED ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIEST.

On Sunday, Aug. 1, 1909, Dr. Juan Salvador Orts Gonzalez, a Franciscan Monk and a Roman Catholic priest, was publicly received into the Lafayette Presbyterian Church of New Orleans and baptized. Dr. Orts is of a prominent family of Valencia, Spain, and is a distinguished scholar. While in his order, he was Superior, first of the college of Benisa and later of Onteniente. He has received signal honors at the hands of the Pope of Rome.

About four years ago (he was then thirty-six) he began to doubt the veracity of Rome's exclusive claims. Having received a dispensation, which permitted him to honorably withdraw from his order, he travelled in Mexico and Guatemala and, at last came to the United States. During this time he officiated as a priest in different dioceses, but was carefully and earnestly studying the Bible, and contrasting its direct message with the exaggerations of Romanism. Finally, in May, 1908, finding it impossible any longer to conscientiously serve as a priest of Rome, he voluntarily left St. Stanislaus College, Bay St. Louis, Mississippi, and went to Mobile, Ala., where, entirely apart from Romish influences, under the nom de plume, G. V. Fradryssa, he wrote, in the dawning light of truth, his remarkable book, "Roman Catholicism Capitulating Before Protestantism."

The book may be acquired from the Southern Publishing Company, Mobile, Ala., or from Dr. Orts, 2214 Magazine street, New Orleans. The price is \$1.50 postpaid.

Although this book was only published at the beginning of the present year, it has already gained a wide circulation in Canada and the United States, and has won extraordinary commendations on every hand, from religious leaders, as "the most brilliant discussion of the points of difference between Romanism and Protestantism that they have ever read."

In February, 1909, Dr. Orts came to New Orleans and discovered Presbyterianism. In it, his mind and heart have found home and to its propagation he has decided to devote the remainder of his life.

In coming to us, Dr. Orts has surrendered a brilliant career in Romanism, and has subjected himself to bitter but unsubstantial attacks from his former organization; but in finding fully Christ, he has gained peace and power. Should God spare his life and health, he will be heard from later as a mighty champion of the everlasting gospel.

J. C. Barr,
Pastor Lafayette Church, New Orleans.

Patience means the readiness to wait God's time without doubting God's truth.
—Arthur T. Hadley.

ONE LORD'S DAY.

T. K. M.

Our waking moments were made musical, not as everyday by the song of many birds, but by the welcome patter of the long delayed rains. So the old house on the beautiful hill did not send its usual large quota to the District Church, but had its own service. To the guest in the house the picture was one to be remembered. The noble little mother at the piano led the flock of children in many hymns old and new, a nestful of larks! How they sang, those cousins, eyes bright and earnest, voices sweet and true. Keeping perfect time with the precision of soldiers marching as other soldiers had followed their grandfather into battle. Everybody's favorite: O day of rest and gladness, Ten thousand times, ten thousand, Jesus the very thought of Thee, Around the throne of God in heaven, and many others. Just within the folding doors sat the faithful servants, their dark faces sweet with the same hope and peace that shone on the face of the aged saint as he smiled upon the fair picture of children and grandchildren worshipping God as he had taught them. The Missionary son read parts of the first chapter of John's gospel, and led in a prayer that took our hearts into the Holy of Holies. Then another hymn and a sermon on "Let your light so shine." Another sweet uplifting prayer and more hymns in the clear carolling voices, the fair young girls, the fine boys gradatim: the only silent child, the lovely baby fresh from her nap as these last hymns began, smiling and glad, the joy of every one.

The dinner was the "Presbyterian Sunday dinner" of my childhood, cold and very good it was. A pretty veal loaf with its rings of eggs and nest of pastry, rice in cup molds, the rich color of beet salad and sliced tomato, the pale green of apple sauce, brown bread and white, fresh country butter, and delicious cold milk and buttermilk; to the dweller in cities it seemed a feast for the gods. Crowned with ambrosia, a mixture of fruits in thin clear jelly, and the cream for which that plantation is famous.

For the afternoon rest and reading. We had three church papers, the Missionary Home and Foreign to choose from, and many books. I noticed in hands of the children, How They Kept the Faith, The Vanguard, Siege Days in Pekin, and others as good. The girls played with the baby that the mother might have a quiet time, the grandfather looked out on the blue mountains and read with his unfailing interest, of the church's work.

The middle of the afternoon saw a big watermelon cut, and everybody enjoyed it in the broad back porch; even the Great Dane has his share, and the hen and chickens pecking at the rinds when the dog had got the last pink lusciousness.

As twilight fell, after the simple supper, the children brought their Bibles,

and the custom for generations was kept once more, as they read all together. Three chapters in the Old Testament, two in the New, the life-long rule. With what expression those children read! even the little boy who could not quite get the longest words by himself, read with meaning and reverence. There was talk too; questions asked by them or of them, the value of a talent, whether the two-talent servant got part of the one-talent as well as the servant who had gained five for his master, whether the "cup" of Gethsemane was the physical death which the devil would force upon the suffering Savior and so prevent the world-sacrifice on Calvary. Too high themes for eight to sixteen? Never. The youngest took as keen and intelligent interest as the oldest. Minds nurtured on such exalted food, the Catechism, the Sunday-school lesson studied, are blessedly trained for the battle of life spiritually, and bear no mean part intellectually as well.

Another hour of singing came, fresh, glad as the first, a winsome group about the piano, the lamp light on the fine high-bred faces. Then good night and all is quiet save when the great dog, guardian of their safety, warns off some real or fancied prowler.

The rain is over, the grateful earth sends up her fragrant thanks. The moon sheds her exquisite radiance over the far-stretching landscape, fairest of earth, the breeze stirs the radiant length of waving corn, revived, luxuriant. Hearts at rest, eyes closed in peaceful slumber.

A "Puritan Sunday"? one of "hard restraint"? So its enemies may call it, battering with heavy blows the greatest bulwarks of family and natural safety. It is a strict Presbyterian Sunday of the old-fashioned type, of the kind that strengthens character, and deepens principle and gives "strength for the toils of the morrow." Many of us growing old and gray thank God for memories of such Sabbath days, such fathers and mothers, such sweet and blessed bonds.

THE HEART OF THE GOSPEL.

The spirit of missions is the spirit of Christ, and evangelism is the essence of the gospel. True, there is something else in the gospel than the mere proclamation of the truth; yet all that done or required is for the end of saving and establishing souls in Jesus Christ. Any other teaching is not Christian. Jesus said that he came to "seek and to save that which was lost"; "not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." If he "went about doing good," it was for this ultimate purpose—or winning those helped to himself and his service. He was a great preacher, and he sent his disciples out to preach, and finally commissioned them to carry the gospel "unto the uttermost parts of the earth." To stop short of this work is to stop short of the gospel message—it is to eliminate from the gospel that which is characteristic of it and vital to it.—Selected.